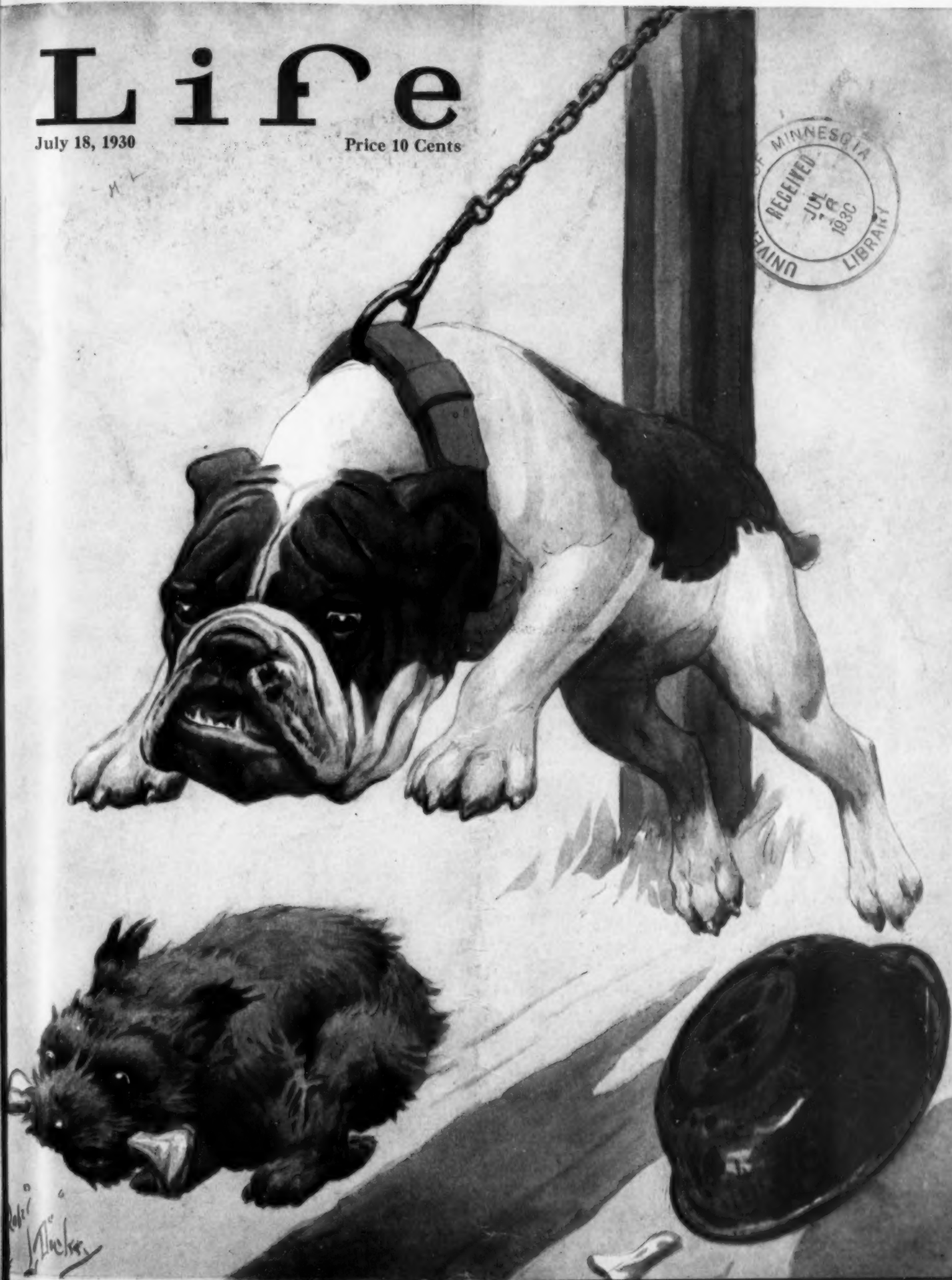


# Life

July 18, 1930

Price 10 Cents

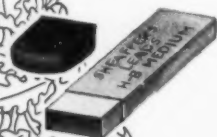




## New Ensembles, matched in styling, in color, and in 'feel' as well!

Unequal, top-heavy writing tools yield now to Sheaffer's Matched Balance® Ensembles. Each set of 2 to 6 pieces is a complete writing outfit, in harmony with itself and in key with today's vogue for grace in personal accessories. And each instrument matches its mates in 'feel' and Balance®. You'll pay as much for others, but only Sheaffer's are Matched Balance® Ensembles, and Sheaffer's Lifetime® pens are guaranteed against everything excepting loss for your lifespan. Just see such beauty and sense the rhythm of Balance® writing and you'll know why the world has granted sales leadership to Sheaffer's!

FREE! Full 15c Blue Cap cartridge of Sheaffer's Special HB Leads—black, smooth and strong—given with each Safety Skrip package at Sheaffer dealers during July and August.



AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

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PENS • PENCILS • DESK SETS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.  
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 W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. 169-173 Fleet St.—Toronto, Ont.  
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SAFETY SKRIP, SUCCESSOR TO INK, SKRIP-FILLED, 50c TO \$10. Every literate person between the ages of five and one hundred should have a package of Safety Skrip—saves furniture, rugs, clothing, keeps the fluid fresh, makes all pens write better.

# Life

FIFTEEN, RUE TAITBOUT  
PARIS

July 7, 1930.

Dear LIFE readers:

When you come to Europe in the summer, are you *Baedaecker-bound*? It's a mean feeling. We know, because we see a good many cases of it over here. But the Paris LIFE office, dedicated, as you might expect, to Enjoyment of Living abroad, has not lost a case yet. Our treatment is absolutely free, with LIFE's compliments, just as the LIFE Theatre Ticket Service is in New York.

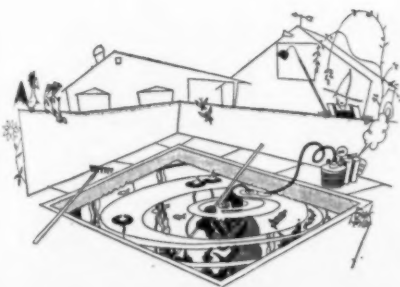
If you want to tell the boys at the office about some place in Paris besides the Louvre, we are prepared to assist you in this worthy enterprise. Guide-books are all very well in their place, but the sort of spot we can steer you to would never be the same if it got into print. Our sort of sight-spots are prescribed to meet the individual cases and tickle the individual taste.

We can be practical, too. Tell a girl how to stun the crowd back home with a costume that would have cost more in the local department store, minus its chic. Tell you what to buy and where *best* to buy it. Tell you what to wear wherever you're going, how much luggage to carry, and even help you get it there. If you want folks to think you're a regular Boulevardier after two days in Paris, we can at least give you a few pertinent points to observe.

Don't forget Provence 42-90 if you get to this side this summer. Then the fun begins.

Yours,

Lucy B. Wells



Suburbanite cultivates marine garden and foils neighbors' chickens.



## Don't buy until you're sold

We take the risk, not you. This remarkable shaving cream is its own salesman. 86% of those who try it, adopt it. Now the world's fastest selling.

Just mail the coupon, please, for your free test.

**G**ENTLEMEN: A remarkable sales policy—and a remarkable product—have made new records in the shaving cream field in the past few years.

A comparative newcomer has become the world's fastest selling shaving cream. A simple, man-to-man introductory plan has been largely responsible.

When we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove, at our expense, the things we claim.

The coupon is for your convenience. If you have not made our test, please make it now.

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Now, the test, please

Whether your present method suits you or not, won't you try our new way? We have endeavored to free you from old inconveniences and discomforts. We think our product deserves a trial. After all, we take the risk of pleasing you. So won't you mail the coupon now, please?

### 5 Great Advantages

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

5896



## 7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-872, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(Please print your name and address)



To those who  
EAT THEIR CAKE  
... and then regret it

TAKE Pepto-Bismol and enjoy quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, and acid or sour stomach.

Doctors know. They have prescribed Pepto-Bismol for 25 years. It is safe. It checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. Even children like its pleasing taste.

Good eating should bring good feeling. If it doesn't, Pepto-Bismol will—  
or your money back. At your druggist's, in the 3-cornered bottle. Only 50 cents.

**Pepto-Bismol**

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF **Norwich** UNGUENTINE

**Hotel  
LaSalle**

La Salle at Madison Street  
**CHICAGO**

Nearest to everything worth while—Located in the Heart of the Loop.

Over 1,000 Rooms—Five delightfully cool Restaurants—Coffee Shop—Garage.

Rooms from \$2.50 up. Fixed Price Meals 45c to \$1.50.

Best Hotel Value in Chicago.



**Books**  
LIBERTY, by Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton & Co., \$3. An easy reading, amiably acidulous and pleasantly provocative study from ancient, romantic modern and religious angles, in which the great slump in liberty is revealed. One is inclined to exclaim, after cantering through these pages, that if this is the Liberty we are up against, then give us a lodge in some vast wilderness.

THE SELBYS, by Anne Green. E. P. Dutton & Co. Transplanted American girl in French soil, a lively story in constant motion. The author has succeeded in writing what may be termed cheerful tragedy by infusing real humor into the dialogue—something done so seldom in novels that no wonder people like it.

DO YOU KNOW ENGLISH LITERATURE? By Blanche Colton Williams (who tells us how to write short stories, alas!) and John Macy. D. Appleton & Co., \$3.50. The answer is, No not much, but we've heard of it. Here is a question and answer book containing real news, and assembled for porch reading. As a game of authors in bound form it makes a good running mate for cross word puzzles.

THE GREEN RIBBON, by Edgar Wallace. The Crime Club, Inc., \$1. In spite of the fact that the author declares this is his best thriller, we are ready to declare that it is a good one, holding well up to his high pitch. British racing on the inside, interesting, but with a love story in it almost a total loss. Among mystery producers, Wallace has the unique merit of never concealing anything from the reader as he plunges along, yet retaining the mystery.

TEN MODERN POETS, by Rica Brenner. Harcourt Brace & Co., \$2.50. A representative list, including De la Mare, Kipling, Amy Lowell, Millay and others. Distinguished and penetrating literary gossip; good hammock reading for culture-bound minds.

LAMENTS FOR THE LIVING, by Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press, \$2.50. A series of short prose sketches, rather than short stories (unless one excepts The Big Blonde at the end), written with the sure comedy touch and the subjective irony, not to say haunting sense of futility in the background, which only Dorothy Parker can unite into such combinations of words.

—Thomas L. Masson.

In these  
Champagneless  
Days

**Apollinaris**

is the gayest bubbly drink  
with which to grace  
your table

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

PLUTOCRATIC FATHER (interviewing aspirant to his daughter's hand): I may as well be frank. My answer depends entirely upon your financial position.

THE SWAIN: By Jove, that's funny, sir. You see, my financial position depends entirely upon your answer!

—The Humorist.

**"Don't Fool Yourself"**

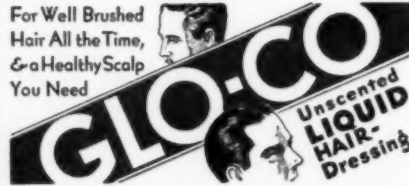
Folks do notice your nails. They'll regard you more highly, if you keep your nails always neat and well-trimmed, with Gem, the pocket manicure. Quick and handy. At all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

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**Gem Nail Clippers**



For Well Brushed  
Hair All the Time,  
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You Need



**Abbott's  
BITTERS**

Use a Tablespoon in a  
Glass of Ginger Ale or  
Water. A Good Tonic  
and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by  
mail 25 cts.

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Baltimore, Md.

# Life



R.B. FULLER.

PROFESSOR: Good heavens! My car's been stolen!

## The Weather Prophet

*("Edward Bensch forecasts the weather in advance by consulting the layers of a raw onion. The predictions are made by cutting up an onion and carefully studying each layer."—News item.)*

MR. FRENCH (*somewhat of a weather prophet himself*): What are you crying for, Eddie?

MR. BENSCH: I've just been consulting my barometer, and it makes my eyes water.

MR. FRENCH: Why don't you put your instrument away where it won't affect you?

MR. BENSCH: No; I think I'll make a hamburger sandwich out of it. Maybe I'll have it creamed, I don't know.

MR. FRENCH: Can you tell from examining the onions in a Western egg sandwich what the rainfall will be a year from now?

MR. BENSCH: Very easily. Vegetables never lie. They are all excellent weather prophets.

MR. FRENCH: What would you say to a soggy dish of French fried potatoes?

MR. BENSCH: I'd advise laying them out on a piece of brown paper to dry, and buy an umbrella next week—it's going to *pour*.

MR. FRENCH: Do you think we'll have a heavy snow fall this February?

MR. BENSCH: *Do*!! I wish you could have seen the moth-eaten cabbage I had for supper. It pointed to high winds and very low temperature for February.

MR. FRENCH: Do you find beef stew a reliable indicator, Eddie?

MR. BENSCH: No, sir! Stew is always contradicting itself. There's nothing in it. I'd rather have a good, reliable aneroid recording Bermuda onion, any day.

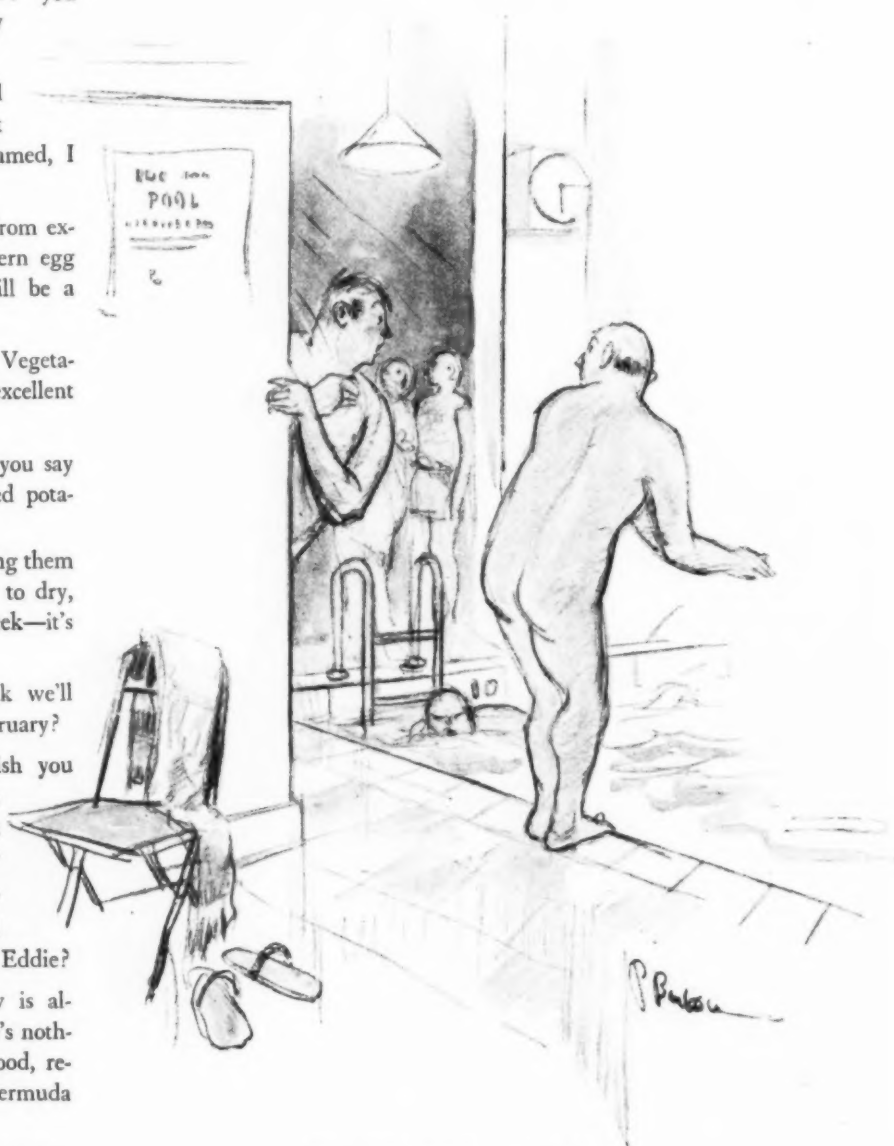
MR. FRENCH: I hope the weather will be good for picnicking next week

end. Do you think we're due for some more warm weather?

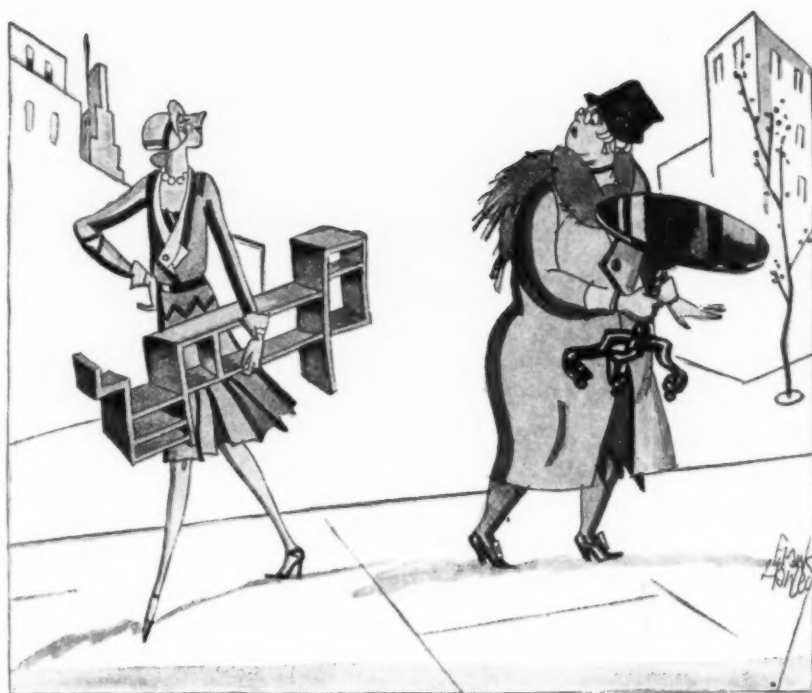
MR. BENSCH: I doubt it, Frank. I

didn't like the way my beets acted at lunch. I'm afraid we're in for a rainy spell. When a beet has only seven layers you might just as well get out your rubber boots and Sou'wester. My mashed turnips, however, indicated a warm wave the week after next; aside from that they needed a lot more salt and pepper and were rather lumpy.

—Jack Cluett.



"Say Ed where's my soap?"  
"Search me!"



ANTIQUARIAN: *You must be a loose woman!*

### In Memoriam

Algernon V. Ackerson, my late lamented cousin,  
Regular as clock work would perform his daily dozen.  
Algernon V. Ackerson, a man we all loved dearly,  
Had a dentist test his teeth some two or three times yearly.

Algernon V. Ackerson, my subject biographic,  
Never crossed a thoroughfare against the flow of traffic,  
Never let his peace of mind be pricked by aggravation,  
Twice a year reported for a health examination.

Algy was no fighting man, no comrade communistic,  
Algy never tarried near a fracas that was fistic,  
Other men would frown and fret; Al would gayly chortle—  
Healthy body! Healthy mind! Fit to be immortal!

Algernon V. Ackerson, so strong and yet so weak,  
Algernon V. Ackerson, if you could only speak,  
Algernon V. Ackerson, one question I would ask,  
*Why did you drink deeply from a perfect stranger's flask?*

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

### How To Get A Moth Out Of A Suit

Pamper moth. Indulge moth's every whim. Moth will become petulant. Will take suit for granted. Sigh for better things. Leave in huff. Take up new quarters in fur coat.

Marry extravagant wife. Wife will buy clothes. Will crowd same into closet with suit. Moth will get no elbow room. Will be disgruntled. Move out. Go to suburbs.

Sprinkle appetizer on suit. Moth will overeat. Will lose girlish figure. Be left out of night life. Go to convent.

Wear suit to wild parties. Visit low dives. Moth will be alarmed. Will fear suit is bad environment for children. Mother instinct of moth at stake. Moth will remove self. Lay eggs in clerical vestments. Raise good little moths.

Tell moth it is winner of beauty contest. Give it title of Miss Woolen Suit. Moth will lose head. Become giddy. Take next train to Hollywood. End life as extra.

Place brilliant flame near suit. Flame will do its stuff. Will attract moth. Moth will go to death or worse. Good-bye moth.

—W. W. Scott.



*Mr. Smith's all tied up!*



### Great Minds at Work

Happy is the man who can feather his own nest in the interests of the nation.

—Sir Herbert Samuel.

The philosophy of a pig involves no discrepancies and his every act is a perfect expression of his conviction.

—Rev. Alvin E. Margery, D.D.

Unless we can circumvent the second law of thermodynamics—which is as much as to say that unless we can make time run backward—the universe must ultimately reach a state of uniform changelessness.

—Sir Arthur Eddington.

Adventurous spirits are always courageous. They like to do and dare.

—Bernarr Macfadden

It is because John Bull is playing Hamlet that Gandhi, the man of the hour in India, is able to play Tolstoy.

—Aldous Huxley.

Imagine the surprise of three persons killed and sixteen fatally injured in Europe when lightning struck the ringing bells of a church in which they had taken shelter.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Prohibition doesn't seem to be working.

—Mrs. Edward B. McLean.

How wonderful it would be if people confessed in public what they sometimes, after a glass or two of champagne, perhaps, whisper into your private ear!

—Robert Hichens.

To be a good student is one of the greatest accomplishments a person can possess. A good student is one who knows how to study effectively.

—Francis Roy Copper.

I would love to be a lithe and slender woman, and wear one of those jaunty cloche hats, and a silver gray frock, and shoes of the color of young, freshly minted gold.

—W. E. Woodward.

If marriage is to be a success one should obviously begin by marrying the right person.

—Count Hermann Keyserling.

Life is but an interrupted succession of nothingness.

—Clarence Darrow.

### Fore!

"Come on, Joe, I'm gonna try my new outboard motor!"

"Hm-m-m—putting practice, eh?"

### Advance Worrying

BRIDE: I feel sad, sort of.

GROOM: What's troubling you, sweetheart?

BRIDE (*wistfully*): Dear, would you get married again if I divorced you?

### Rude Awakening

Some men wake up and find themselves famous, but most of us just wake up and find ourselves late.



EX PHONE OPERATOR: Here's your party, sir!



BOSS MOVER: Say, are y'u gonna stand there all day?  
"I'm gonna stand here till I get rested!"

## At Home With the Traffic Cop

"Hey, you! Where d' ya think yer goin'? . . . Out in the kitchen, hey. What cha goin' out in the kitchen fer? . . . Mashed potatoes me eye. Ya can't kid me. Ya gotta license ta go after mashed potatoes in this state? . . . Let me see it . . . How long you been cookin'? . . . Well, don't cha know it's against the law to go past my signal?"

"Didn't I check up on you the other day fer passin' a plate of soup on the wrong side? . . . What d' ya think I'm standin' here fer—to look pretty or somethin'? . . . Pull up there on the side with that platter 'till I give y' a talkin' to . . . Ya *thought* I was tellin' ya to go ahead into the pantry . . . Tell that ta the judge."

"Don't cha know by this time that ya can't go into the kitchen on a red light? Don't cha know when that light goes yella ya gotta go out through the sittin' room into the pantry or else hold out yer hand and wait fer the green . . . I suppose yer goin' ta tell me ya didn't know this was a one-way dinin' room!"

"Don't you know that when yer makin' a left hand turn wid a dish of onions ya gotta think of the fella in back of ya? . . . Well, I'll let yez off this time, but see to it that I don't catch ya disobeyin' traffic regulations in this dinin' room agin!" —Troy.

## The Golfer's Love Song

Oh putt your hand in mine  
You suit me to a tee  
Each birdie on the vine  
Knows us were meant for we

Of course you sometimes call  
Me mashie—dub—and green  
And then I'd like to ball  
Or else to club your bean

But I'll keep calm instead  
And hazard any risk  
And later when we're wed  
I bet I'll take a bisque

You think that I'm a sap  
Who hasn't any sand  
I know you've set a trap  
With your indifferent stand

Although you think I'm rough  
You drive me dear to brag  
So can that stymie stuff  
I know it's in the bag.

—Gerry Williams.



"I wouldn't be doing this only the doctor said I ought to keep outdoors."

# The Ultimate Store by don herold

THERE is a current tendency in stores to hide merchandise. In fact, a lot of stores would appear to be above merchandise. All of a sudden, the vulgarity of selling has hit them, and if you go into one of them to buy anything, you have to ask to have it

be devoted to a pair of silk stockings or a buckle or a single hat. A sort of plague of preciousness attacked our Avenue merchants in their windows. And now it has extended into the stores themselves.

Several motives are behind the move-

an *intangible something*, can then be included in the price. The price becomes, in short, a fee.

Oh yeah?

Personally, my own feeling is that, hell, merchandise is still merchandise, and there is no use to get prudey about it. A handkerchief is still a handkerchief, and not a gall bladder operation. My sympathies are all with a friend of mine who, when he entered that Fifth Avenue tobacco clinic where they take your blood pressure and analyze your tobacco needs and prescribe a tobacco formula and was asked, as part of the inquisition, what brand he had been smoking, replied, on sudden inspiration: "Union Leader!"

And I am therefore tempted, just in playfulness to go all these snooty shoppes one better and to open a super-snooty store of my own, in which I'll have no merchandise in the window, no merchandise on display in the store itself, and, to be utterly ultra, *no merchandise to sell*. I won't even take orders for merchandise. I guess that that will make some of these stores that are so upstage (because they had all their merchandise behind a partition) feel like Sears, Roebuck themselves. I'll make some of those Fifth Avenue mahogany dumps look like Trader Horn. Just how this store will be made to pay is a detail I have yet to work out.

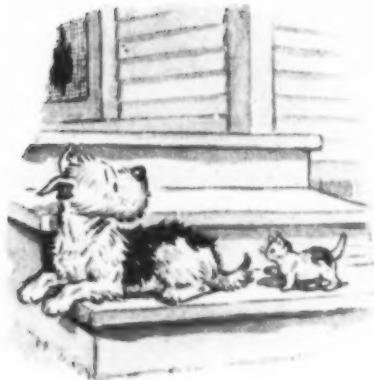
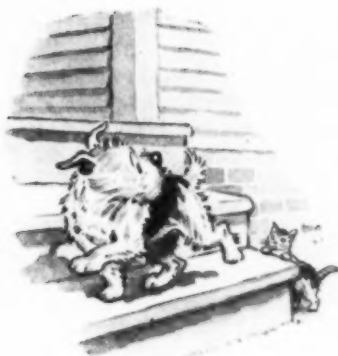


brought out—which they will do with some reluctance. You go, for example, into an ultra-modern shoe store and you see no shoes. Only mahogany paneling and living-room chairs. Summoning all your courage you ask for a pair of shoes and the clerk with a slight sniff retires to a back room and returns with your merchandise held disdainfully at arm's length as if it were something the cat had dragged in.

This movement started in the show windows. In the days of yore all store windows were like Woolworth's—jammed with jimcracks from floor to ceiling. Window shopping had its joys in those good old days. You could spend an evening looking into the window of Stalcup's General Store, with its sunbonnets, garden rakes, writing tablets, underwear, stick candy, flower seeds and gum boots. Not even Mr. Stalcup himself knew what all he had in that window. Then certain stores on the Avenue began to go in for reticence and chastity. An entire window would

ment. In the first place the store-keepers yearn to become professionals. It wouldn't surprise me if within another ten years we had to make an appointment several days ahead with some of our haberdashers in order to get a look at a necktie, as we now date up our dentist. The ultra-modern store is now only a waiting room, and a very doggy one, too. Secondly, selling is no longer selling, but *service*. You do not buy a new pair of garters; you tell a highly specialized garter diagnostician your garter *problem*, and he retires to his chambers and solves it and brings out the one pair of garters that will do for you. If he had a lot of garters in a showcase that would give you some choice in the matter, and that would be bad, very bad for you. Merchandise is only an incident in these modern transactions; *service* is the thing. And, incidentally, a pair of garters that are brought out on a platter can be priced twice as high as a pair of garters that are already out. Taste, knowledge, and





EDWINA

SINBAD  
Of all th' nerve!  
(9)

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

JUNE 25—A man in early this morning to tighten the moorings of my bedroom awnings so that they are sufficiently wind-proof to keep me from fearing, in the night watches, that the British are upon us, and he did lean so far out the window in a precarious posture that I was at some pains not to grab hold of his heels, but he did assure me that he was used to such efforts and had no terror of falling from heights, which set me to pondering on the odd means by which some persons gain their livelihoods, a speculation to which I have been inspired hitherto mainly by fishmongers and kettle-drummers. Then a boy arrived with my mulberry ensemble from the dry-cleanser, informing me that he could not leave it unless I gave him six dollars straightway, a

declaration which astonished me forasmuch as I have had an account, always meticulously paid, with his employer for more years than I care to set down, and I told him so, remarking in an aside to my servant Virgie that the establishment must have taken up with some shoddy and unreliable customers if such methods of delivery were now its order, whereupon the lad spoke up, "We have all the four hundred," setting me into a gale which considerably lessened my wrath. The expressman also, in, bringing me from my cozen Lillian one of the handsomest presents that ever I had in my life, a fine leather case lined with beautiful striped moiré and containing an equipment for playing bridge on railway trains, with two packs of cards, two scorepads and pencils, a green baize cover to tie over the table which the porter sets up, and even a pewter ash tray. So now I am all a-flutter to go upon a journey, albeit

I daresay fellow-travellers will be so impressed with the outfit that they will parade the aisle to behold it, and mayhap some of them, with a lurch of the cars, will tumble flat into a contract for a slam in spades or into a propitious lay-out of my favorite game of patience.

JUNE 26—Awake betimes and at the journals, reading how dial telephones have been ousted from the Capitol by the senators, nor do I blame them, neither, for why subscribers should do the telephone company's work for it, especially after the rates have been increased, is beyond me. Then up, and off to interview the superintendent about giving Smith and Wesson, our goldfish, to his little boy, for Lord! they have become the bane of my existence, and only last week, when I was departing for a few days in the country and had given the servants leave for the entire period, they did catch my eye as I was quitting the house and I was obliged to take them along in a milk bottle, and was minded of Abe Martin's item, "Mrs. Tilford Moots has sold her goldfish because they kept her tied down." To luncheon with Dot Brooks, and we spoke of many things in especial how strange it is for us to keep on sending money to foreign missions, when nothing is done about the food on the Pennsylvania railroad, and how difficult it is to get messenger boys by telephone. Lord! even when one of these uniformed youths manages to get himself to my door, I consign my note or parcel to him with the gravest misgivings, and I do never see them lounging through a motion picture matinee without wondering what chemist or cavalier is waiting for whatever may be in their pockets.

JUNE 27—Walking through the town, I did espy a fine watermelon at a fruiterer's, and desiring some of it straightway, I did hail a cab and bear it home myself, giving Mike, our doorman, a little shock, but not as much as the one he must have had when Cora Scovil, paying me a visit after putting one of her posters in a shop window, dropped an evil-looking hammer to the sidewalk as she started to pay off her driver.



"O, my dear, I'm much too emotional to have a husband of my own."

## Minutes of Last Meeting

(At any club)

*Reports of Committees*—The chairman of the Back Dues Committee reported he had been unable to collect any money. The chairman of the Entertainment Committee reported that owing to the dues situation the treasury could not afford the spring dance.

*Old Business*—Brother Jones again brought up his amendment authorizing the president to suspend any member who was in arrears over \$25. Cat calls, boos and hisses greeted him and the amendment was defeated.

*New Business*—Brother Burke made a motion to excuse all charter members from paying dues. Brother Brown, a charter member, seconded and spoke favorably for the motion. Brother Green, not a charter member, violently objected to the motion. It was tabled until the next meeting.

*Good and Welfare*—Brother Blake made a strong speech on the unpaid dues situation. Brother Smith, treasurer, reported that Brother Blake owed \$15 unpaid back dues. Brother Peck complained he wasn't receiving bills and therefore couldn't pay dues. Brother Patterson, criticising Brother Peck, said no frater need wait for a bill to pay his dues. Brother Lane announced he would present a solution of the back dues problem at the next meeting. The sergeant-at-arms counted 45 men present. 3 paid their dues. The meeting adjourned.



"Come on, Bill, let's get out of this town. You're going native!"



"Say, pa, have you got a love nest?"

## The Blue Law Blues

I've . . . got . . . those—

Why-has-sunny-Sunday-changed-to-Bluest-of-Blue-Monday Blues?

Those Cease-your-carefree-clowning-to-indulge-in-doleful-frowning Blues.

Those Mustn't-slip-the-misses-even-tiniest-of-kisses-

Lest-reformers'-hearty-hisses-hint-of-Hades'-deep-abysses

Blues. DARK Blues!

I've . . . got . . . those—

Why-must-I-be-tearful-when-the-universe-is-cheerful Blues?

Those Why-be-sad-and-solemn-like-obituary-column Blues?

Those Anti-alcoholic-don't-you-dare-to-freely-frolic-

Diabolic-vitriolic-pessimistic-melancholic

Blues. DARK Blues!

—A. L. L.



# Life Looks About

## Leadership

When a successful Roman politician or general was awarded a triumph somebody stood beside him in his chariot to remind him that he was mortal. A contemporary commentator warns us not to make so much of Mr. Morrow as to suggest that he is supernatural because that may make him unpopular with the voters.

Republicans in New Jersey are probably qualified to keep Mr. Morrow's feet on the earth, but they are also

qualified to bring out his strong points. His great exploit as a candidate was in coming out for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. The Republican managers concluded that his candidacy constituted a sufficient gesture on the subject of Prohibition and were for having the platform let it go at that. They feared that Dry candidates on their side would be embarrassed if repeal of the amendment was put into the platform. Not so Mr. Morrow. Down he comes to the meeting reasons earnestly with his brethren and the repeal goes into the Republican platform in New Jersey as it should.

A good reminder, that, of the truth that leadership is in man, not in organizations! Organizations merely reflect

it when there is any. People get so tired of the processes of organizations, their sluggish precautions and solicitude to play safe, that when a likely leader breaks out, they see wonders even in his most ordinary displays of good sense. It was so about Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt got his views out of the inside of him. They were the expression of his breeding, education and experience of life; of his reading, of his actions. Good or bad they were his. Of course he was a politician and chose his times for what he did, but even more than he was a politician he was T. R.

Mr. Morrow's strength is of the same sort. No doubt he too is a politician and that is fortunate if he is going far, but he is not the kind of a politician that spends his days watching for what the voters expect, but of the other sort that is ready to tell them what he thinks.

## Roumania's Leading Man

Why should we have had to inform ourselves so copiously about the return of Carol to the throne of Roumania? There are reasons for it. Roumania for most of us is just a place on the map that finally got into the War on the side of the allies. But Carol is a kind of movie character and is probably as good front-page copy as a Follies girl who sues someone for divorce or a woman who has her jewels stolen.

Carol is fond of the ladies and likes variety in them. The objection is to his craving for variety, but even that is not held in as strong disapproval in continental Europe as it is here. It is bad here for a politician active in political life to be too much mixed up with ladies that he is not married to. Old Testament characters could get away with it, so could Kings of France and Kings generally in Europe. A wandering fancy in ladies is not at all inconsistent with excellent executive capacity. Brigham Young seems to have been a very competent executive. Henry the Eighth would have doubtless gotten along much better if he had been less of a churchman and less insistent on being married to ladies that he favored. Except for that, it would not have been necessary to chop off their heads.

—E. S. Martin.



EX-STOCK PROMOTER: Waiter!

## The Perfect Pullman Ride

look through the old trunk in the attic grace and see if you cant find a likely name for a pullman car and tom you sit over there and snore and ethel you peel a couple of oranges and throw the rinds all over the room and harold you nail the front window down and then try to open it and ralph you get in the woodbox and while i blow smoke into it and bump it around you try to shave and then i believe we will have the proper setting for tonights fairy story about the perfect pullman ride well when mr armitage got to the station he found nobody in line at the window and yes the ticket man had his reservations and yes the train was on time and mr armitage went to the express office and there was his trunk and he checked it and saw them put it on his train and his wife was standing in the station with all the bags just where she said shed be and when he was stopped at the gate he felt in his right hand coat pocket where he always kept his tickets and there were his tickets and not an old hat check or a batch of speakeasy cards or his trunk checks or six toothpicks and a match and the porter stayed right by their side until they were seated and mr armitage had 35 cents in change to give the porter and didnt have to be done all over again and mrs cause the porter only had two halves for a lettuce leaf and when mr armitage threw his coat and hat up on the rack they stayed there and didnt fall down and smother mrs armitage and have to be done all over again and mrs armitage opened her bag for the pictorial review and it was right on top and she didnt have to go pulling out a lot of dresses and you knows to reach it at the bottom of the pile and when the conductor came along mr armitage reached in his right hand coat pocket where he always kept his tickets and there they were and he didnt have to pull his coat down off the rack for them and smother mrs armitage and the little girl in seat 18 sat perfectly still and didnt kneel up and breathe on the window and write p r with her finger and stumble down the aisle making friends and trip over somebody with a paper cup full of water and the two old women in 13 and 15 kept their yaps closed and didnt discuss

the church supper at eagle mills and open a shoe box of home made sandwiches and munch and the salesman in seat 11 didnt ring for a table and open his brief case and figure out the total sales of hickies hose for the month of february and when the armitages got back to their chairs from lunch they werent occupied by two vassar girls who got on at poughkeepsie and had the right seats they were perfectly

sure my dear because i mean blah blah blah and the train was on time at grand central and the armitages had their right bags and she didnt leave her gloves on the train and now i suggest that you all pull the blankets out from the foot of your beds and put your money in your shoes and while you kiddies are trying to go to sleep i will go the rounds throwing cinders at you and stepping on your faces just as if you were all safely berthed for the night on the sleeping car rosamondina.

—Jack Cluett.



"Junior, do you realize you are speaking to mother?"

# New York Life

## Wedding Guest

A young cavalier from Virginia has returned to the old manor house with deep affection in his heart for the New York cops. He was summoned to the city to attend the bridegroom in a rather elaborate wedding. On the first night of his arrival, after he had been hurried from the best man's flat—where he was a guest—to a series of fetes for the bride-to-be and her friends, he suddenly discovered that he was on the street, alone, half-way between two parties. He had no idea where the rest of the merry-makers had gone, nor



indeed where he was last. He had neglected, unhappily, to transfer his wallet to his evening clothes.

In this condition, he was addressed by a policeman. His conversation seemed a little vague, and presently he found himself in a precinct station, explaining his plight to the Lieutenant. His Southern drawl accomplished the traditional effect, and presently the whole station crew was searching the society columns of the afternoon papers in the effort to trace the movements of the wedding party.

The Lieutenant himself discovered, at last, the dance that was being given for the bride, and offered explicit directions for reaching it by taxi. And when our Virginian explained that he had not a dime for taxi fare, the Lieutenant cranked up the little green patrol flivver and delivered him with a gracious bow into the hands of his companions.

## Cooks

Quite a number of New York families make more or less of a specialty of importing cooks. Imported cooks are wonderful as long as their pristine old-world virtues and humilities hold out, that is, until they learn to speak English. Most of them are pretty quick at it, and a certain Mrs. Griege has figured that it takes about four months for a dear, frightened, humble and will-

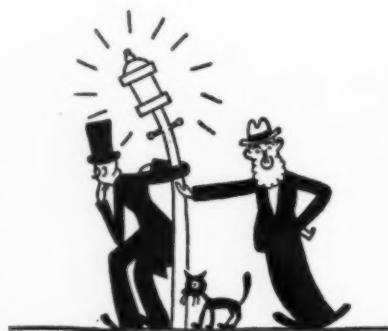
ing little lassie to become a noisy, arrogant and entirely unreasonable little brat . . . Well, about a month ago along came Hulda. Hulda was a jewel, worth shielding from the usual cycle of deterioration, yet she did have that same besetting ambition to learn the new language. Mrs. Griege resolved to supervise her studies, and the result has been well worth the trouble. Hulda remains unspoiled. Hulda also remains in ignorance of the fact that the language Mrs. Griege is teaching her is Italian.

## Noblesse Oblige

The Gothic jewel which Mr. Rockefeller senior is building for Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick on Riverside Drive—the Rockefeller instructions were, in effect, build a church and send me the bill—is nearly completed. Indeed, the furniture has begun to arrive for the magnificent executive offices in the tower. That is to say, the second lot of furniture has begun to arrive. The first was sent back when Mr. Rockefeller, a frequent visitor who strolls among the workmen offering suggestions, decided that it was not nearly fine enough.

The incident of the furniture stirred a perfectly understandable curiosity in the breast of one of the young lady secretaries working for Dr. Fosdick. At the end of a day's work, she laid on his desk for approval a new batch of bills for altar decorations and lighting fixtures, and asked, "How much is the church going to cost when it is finished, Doctor?"

He regarded her with an expression of surprise. "Why," he said, "the question of cost has never come up for discussion."



(14)

## Bad Book Of The Month

Standing on the corner of Broadway and 42nd was a slick looking young man entertaining a crowd with card tricks. Suddenly he stepped to one side and said, "What I have to say now is for *men only*." The ladies retired a few feet unwillingly, and the boys gathered close. The slick looking fellow produced a book—a book with a



cover which displayed an inviting young lady dressed like Spring on a hot day. "The best collection of dirty stories ever printed," whispered the slick one, "And only two bits a throw." So we took the twenty-five cents and bought the book, snooped around the corner, opened it and discovered the worst collection of clean riddles ever printed.

## Better Entertainment

Ramon and Rosita, internationally famous dancing team, have finally become tired of attracting cover charges for other whoopee promoters and now have a place of their own, the *El Patio* . . . 52nd Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenue. The place has a roof that slides back and the parking charge is three bucks per head. In addition to their dancing, which is an evening's entertainment in itself, Ramon and Rosita are presenting a young man named Russell Johns who plays the piano and sings clever songs more pleasantly than any young man we have ever heard in this town. Mr. Johns was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, but had to go to London and Paris before he attracted enough attention to get a chance to make good in the United States. His version of "Hot 'n Bothered" is a classic.

*Knickerbocker*



# Theatre • by Baird Leonard

AS A novice at this game, I am grateful to "Mystery Moon" for lasting through its first performance (which is exactly as long as it *did* last), because my copy was in the printer's clutches before news leaked out that the management, owing to the orchestra's Quixotic demand for payment, had decided to dispense with a second night, and I was not obliged to sit down at an eleventh hour and make up something about the application of the Freytag diagram to a Samuel Shipman plot or the relation of women to the theatre in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This week there has not even been a "Mystery Moon," but it is nevertheless my duty to fill up the space with material relative, however remotely, to the title of the department. In casting about for a subject from which to take off, I have landed on Ludwig II of Bavaria.

It is generally conceded that Ludwig was demented, and doubtless the pathologists of his time were correct in their diagnoses, but somehow the symptoms of his dementia which are given the most publicity have never struck me as convincing. It was his affection and enthusiasm for Richard Wagner which first set his ministers to tapping their foreheads significantly. That the king should choose an eccentric musician for a friend probably did not bother the old boys so much, but that he should pay off 18,000 gulden of Wagner's debts, grant him an annuity of 8,000, and set about realizing his artistic ambitions by building him a theatre at Bayreuth for the production of music-dramas which were like nothing they had ever heard in their lives—that was too much for them, so perhaps it was easy enough, when he ordered them to communicate with him only in writing, to decide that he was a bit cuckoo. (Don't forget that the first man who carried an umbrella was stoned to death). Another thing they thought peculiar was that he didn't like to talk to his relatives, but, for reasons not entirely divorced from diplomacy, we can't go into that. His harmless mania for buying things and making presents also disturbed them greatly and . . .

But the most widely advertised symptom of his insanity was that when he attended a theatrical performance, he

wanted to be the only person in the audience. I thought of him the other night at the Majestic, when the entire population of Bavaria seemed to intervene between me and the breath of fresh air which could be had only by gaining the street door. I think of him when latecomers who have dined well and unwisely stumble over me to their seats, ripping off a slipper buckle or hairnet *en passant*; when the pair behind me comment derisively on the comedian whose antics I am enjoying and whose remarks mean more to me than theirs; when the famous and very expensive Broadway blonde, stops traffic by meandering down the aisle with her latest meal ticket and flashing the

*eurs*. Ludwig had delusions that he was being followed. I *know*, especially on opening nights, that I am being followed. Not only followed, but preceded, and flanked, so closely that the slightest misstep on one of those innumerable stairs with which our more splendid new playhouses are so generously equipped will set a whole section of seething humanity to swaying on its underpinnings. Ludwig had delusions that he would be assassinated. I have a deep-seated conviction, based on experience, that unless I look sharp and duck and dodge successfully, I will be branded or set afire by a glowing cigar or cigarette, flourished carelessly while its owner is calling to Ma-



"Hell! Not a thing to lie on!"

ring mentioned by Walter Winchell; when the man to my right points out George Kaufman for Percy Hammond; when the head of the spectator in front of me grows to the size of a Halloween pumpkin the moment anything interesting occurs in the center of the stage; when my neighbors *en masse* reek of off-the-boat Scotch and the unhappier blends of our leading *parfum-*

bel that if she will stand back under the canopy out of the rain, he will dash down to Eighth Avenue and see what he can do about a taxi.

Yes, when Ludwig went to the theatre, he didn't want anybody else there but the actors. And the pathologists of his day thought, therefore, that he was crazy.

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "Caught Short"

THIS movie was suggested by the Eddie Cantor story, which is one of those dollar booklets you can read through while waiting for your suit to be pressed. This is not hearsay. As a two-reel comedy it would be hilarious. As a two-hour feature it is an overstuffed film that could be made bearable by only one actress in the business. Fortunately they had her in mind when the scenario was written. It is practically impossible to prevent Marie Dressler being funny. This picture proves it. During the evening she makes faces, scratches herself, picks at her dress and pushes her hat back on her head thousands of times, yet, even when you know which one she is going to use next, you cannot help being amused, and we want to say that we were pretty sick of being amused by some of the stuff in "Caught Short" and pretty sore even now because we were.

There are, of course, plenty of people who will find little to amuse them in a tale concerning the Wall Street toboggan. Most Americans, however, are so resilient or something that they can find humor in the most discouraging situations. Remember, for instance the old story about the woman who was married to the midget, and when he died all the neighbors came over to sympathize and view the body, and finally the wife went to the door to greet a group of late arrivals and said, laughingly, "Listen folks. I don't want to be fussy, but please remember to put the lid back after you've seen him because the cat's had him downstairs twice already." That's Americans for you and lots of fun if you ask me. So whether or not the market gave you a kick in the slats, you may find something comic in the idea of two hard-working boarding house keepers (Marie and Polly Moran) trying to ritz each other with their market profits only to have the big slide send them back to the ovens.

Miss Moran gets more than her share of the laughs considering the fact that her chief weapon of attack is the hackneyed business of mispronouncing words. About the only two she does not use are "propolition" and "regusted."

The love story, which is very bad to

begin with, is not given much help by Anita Page and Charles Morton.

For Marie Dressler fans (which we are). Others will be bored stiff.

## "Dangerous Nan McGrew"

THE movies are a funny business. A neat performer like Helen Kane crashes in—gets herself a few featured part and goes over so big they have to make her a star. The publicity department sends out life size portraits—her songs are plugged in every village and hamlet—the whole world is made boop-oop-a-doop conscious. In selecting a supporting cast no expense is spared. This settled, everything is ready. No. Let's see . . . how about a story? Oh, yes. A story. Well, can you beat that? We almost forgot the

with which they manipulate the clumsy stuff will probably amuse you unless you happen to be an analytical movie critic with a bad summer cold. Heroic efforts by a capable cast makes "Dangerous Nan McGrew" a better than average movie—and you will enjoy Helen's rendition of "I Owe You."

## "The Big Fight"

JAMES CRUZE, who is now a full fledged producer, stepped into a fast one when he tried to make a successful picture of a stage play that flopped under the direction of David Belasco. When Mr. Belasco cannot make them click on the legitimate, there is something fundamentally wrong, as you will quickly perceive in this case if you take in "The Big Fight"—and there is no particular reason why you should.

In the stage version Mr. Belasco employed the services of Jack Dempsey to play the leading role. In the picture the part is enacted by "Big Boy" Guinn Williams. Mr. Williams is, unquestionably a better actor than Mr. Dempsey, as who isn't, but Mr. Dempsey, on the other hand, can get in a ring and go through the motions of fighting with more realism than Mr. Williams. So it just boils down to whether you prefer to have not seen Mr. Williams in the picture or Mr. Dempsey in the play. Personally we had rather have a good five-cent cigar.

But before you decide to die rather than face this film let us add that the cast also includes the funniest black-face comedian in the world—Stepin Fetchit—and because of this clever darky boy we found it possible to leave the theatre grinning. If he hadn't been present we would have sneaked back and thrown a rock through the screen.

And maybe the director or somebody can explain this one. Most of the picture is used up to let you know that the girl's kid brother is in the power of the gang leader and will be bumped off unless the leader's every wish is carried out and the girl does certain things to make the champion lose the big fight. His wishes are *not* carried out, the girl does *not* make the champ lose, and when the picture ends the brother is still being held in a hideaway by the gangsters confederates. They should publish the answer.



Portrait of Rudy Vallée.

story in the rush and bustle of important things. But there's no harm done . . . We'll just phone the scenario department and tell them to have a story ready by the time we get to the studio.

So we have "Dangerous Nan McGrew" with a cast that makes the picture entertaining in spite of the fact that they have to do everything but pull rabbits out of hats to put it over. Surrounding Miss Kane are such well known names as Victor Moore, one of Broadway's finest comedians, Frank Morgan now starring in the stage show, "Topaze," and Stuart Erwin, a really brilliant young screen actor.

The material these gentlemen are going to work with is neither clever nor particularly funny, but the dexterity



*"Aw, Pop, I bet you went and traded in my kiddy-karl!"*

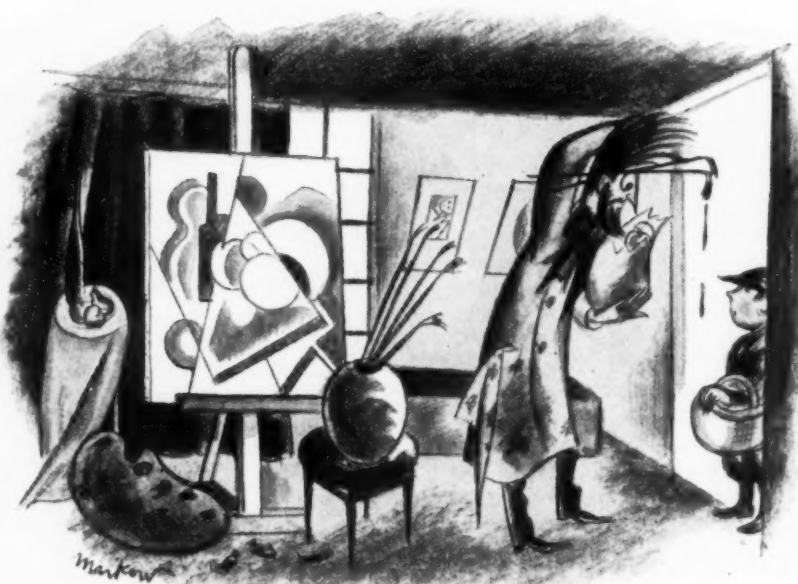
## Bigger and Better Publicity

Talkie star breeds wolves as hobby,  
Actress weds in hotel lobby,  
Star has jumping bean collections,  
Star buys yacht in one-ton sections,  
Star a record hammer-thrower,  
Star was once a doily sewer,  
Star shears llamas for diversion,  
Star speaks, Sanskrit, Dutch and Persian,

Star was once a flag-pole sitter,  
Star carves bust from apple fritter,  
Star spends week-ends reading Plato,  
Crosses eggplant with tomato,  
Star makes hole-in-one left handed,  
Star gets eight-ton tarpon landed,  
Star got start as snowshoe weaver,  
Always shaves with butcher's cleaver,  
Star a famous yo yo spinner,  
Star eats only snails for dinner,  
Star shoots hornets with a rifle,  
Says the feat is just a trifle,  
Star takes bath in sherry cobbler,  
Star wins prize with turkey gobbler,  
Star gets pleasure kidding Babbitts,  
Star keeps healthy racing rabbits,

—Let's hear all their damn-fool habits.

—Parke Cummings.



*"Diable! Didn't I tell you I wanted purple apples?"*

(18)

## Something On The Ball

Then there was the souvenir pest who tried to get an autographed bomb from Al Capone.

## Poor Massa Mussolini

FRIEND: You look bored.

MUSSOLINI: I am at peace with the world.

## Help!

The average American is a man with both feet on the ground and both hands in the air.

## Average Bus

An interurban bus was recently struck by lightning. The lightning, we presume, was then hauled away for repairs.

## Warning

Every resort owner knows when a dry spell is coming because he feels it in his joints.

# Life at Home



NEW YORK—A Greenwich village writer has a bath tub, but doesn't use it much. When a friend found a dead mouse in it, the writer indignantly denied that he had drowned the mouse, but said that "it had gotten in there somehow and probably starved to death."

PINE BLUFF, Ark.—Approximately 100 high school boys here have formed a club to "bring back those maidenly traits which are so rapidly disappearing from our young girl friends."

The club proposes to stimulate better and more lovable personalities among the ladies and "general improvement of dates." Among the things forbidden are "drinking, 'necking,' smoking in public, 'gold digging' and more than one date a night."

BRIDGEBURG, Ont. — Edmund Sahr was indignant when he was arraigned in court here on a charge of fishing without a license.

"I'm not guilty, your honor," said Sahr. "I'm not a fisherman. I'm a liquor runner. I used that fishing tackle just to fool United States Coast Guardsmen."

He was fined \$10.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—Clergymen of this city edited today's editions of the *Chattanooga News* at the invitation of the publishers, and the first thing they did was to throw out a daily article on how to play bridge.

Otherwise the editions were unchanged.

HANFORD, Calif.—It finally happened. Exasperated by a woman driver, John Sorder, forty-four years old, forced her to the curb yanked her from the car, turned her over his knee, and spanked her. At least that is the story of Mrs. Merle Fitting, who had Sorder arrested. The spanking was administered after her car collided with Sorder's.

HANOVER, N. H.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently startled the Senior Class of Dartmouth College at a luncheon. "So live," he advised them, "that you may look any man in the face and tell him to go to hell."

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Frank Walton, wanting a divorce, says his wife attacked him with knives and fists. He told of her "stropping a knife, saying she intended to kill said plaintiff when the knife was sharp enough."

He recited that she said she would have him killed for \$25 but couldn't get the money. Fearing she might get it, he left.

NEW YORK—Somebody's stolen Rudy Vallée's sax and clarinet and he'd like to get his bare hands on the thief. "They were worth their weight in gold," he says.

## And Abroad

SURBITON, England—After two radio sets were stolen from a local shop the owner put a sign in the window stating that if the gentleman who took the sets would forward his address "we shall be glad to give him our usual two years' guarantee for both sets."

GAFFNEY'S CREEK, Victoria—The authorities have rented out the police station for a florist's shop. It seems that nobody has been arrested around here for six or seven years.

RIO DE JANEIRO—Dime novels that thrilled American youngsters a generation ago are now the rage among Brazilian juveniles. Buffalo Bill, Nick Carter and King Brady, translated into Portuguese, sell for six cents a copy.



"I was hoping junior could have his swing in it!"



*"Please don't feel that way about us, Mrs. Peebles. We never high-hat the First Class passengers—only the Third Tourists."*

### Anagrins

*Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.*

- (1) Scramble *lived* with an *r* and get a political speech.
- (2) Scramble *beamers* with a *c* and get something to beam about.
- (3) Scramble *rummies* with a *p* and get some prizes.
- (4) Scramble *dimmer* with an *a* and get a bathing girl.
- (5) Scramble *starrier* with a *g* and get a substitute for a clergyman.

*Answers on page 31*



*"If you feel that a fleeting romance is more important than your independence then you should marry."*

### The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

When you asked to go to a horseback camp for the summer because you wanted to lead the simple life and get close to nature, I expected to do my duty as one of Hoover's key men, but I didn't expect your Adirondack tan to come to a hundred dollars a square inch more than your mother's annual Florida complexion.

Glancing over your bill for extras as one part-time equestrienne I begin to see why people call John Ringling a genius. I certainly am glad you took along your own liniment.

Little did I think when I used to ride Hannah and Star to the watering trough after a hard day's plowing that I would ever be figuring the cost of horse hire at so much per jolt.

I suppose I wouldn't think so much of your bills if your brother Sheridan hadn't decided to spend his vacation fishing in Canada. After he reached the end of the railroad he telegraphed back that he had forgotten to tell me that there was no way of reaching this particular lake except by hydroplane and he was waiting there for the factory to fly one up to him.

Sheridan said he wanted this trip to be as simple as possible. At least he is making good on that.

Your Affectionate Father,  
McCREADY HUSTON.

## Life in Washington



FOR the first time since the Tariff was signed on the dotted line, Presidential prestige shows signs of coming to life. The Wall Street bears made hay of Messrs. Mellon and Lamont's attempt to play the role of Pharaoh's daughter and locate the infant prosperity in the bullrushes, but the President's veto of the latest \$100,000,000 pension grab was supported by public opinion and sustained by the House. With the threat of a deficit to curb Congressional extravagance and the threat of a Party defeat in November to bring the Republicans into line, the Administration is feeling a little stronger and is beginning to take liquid nourishment.

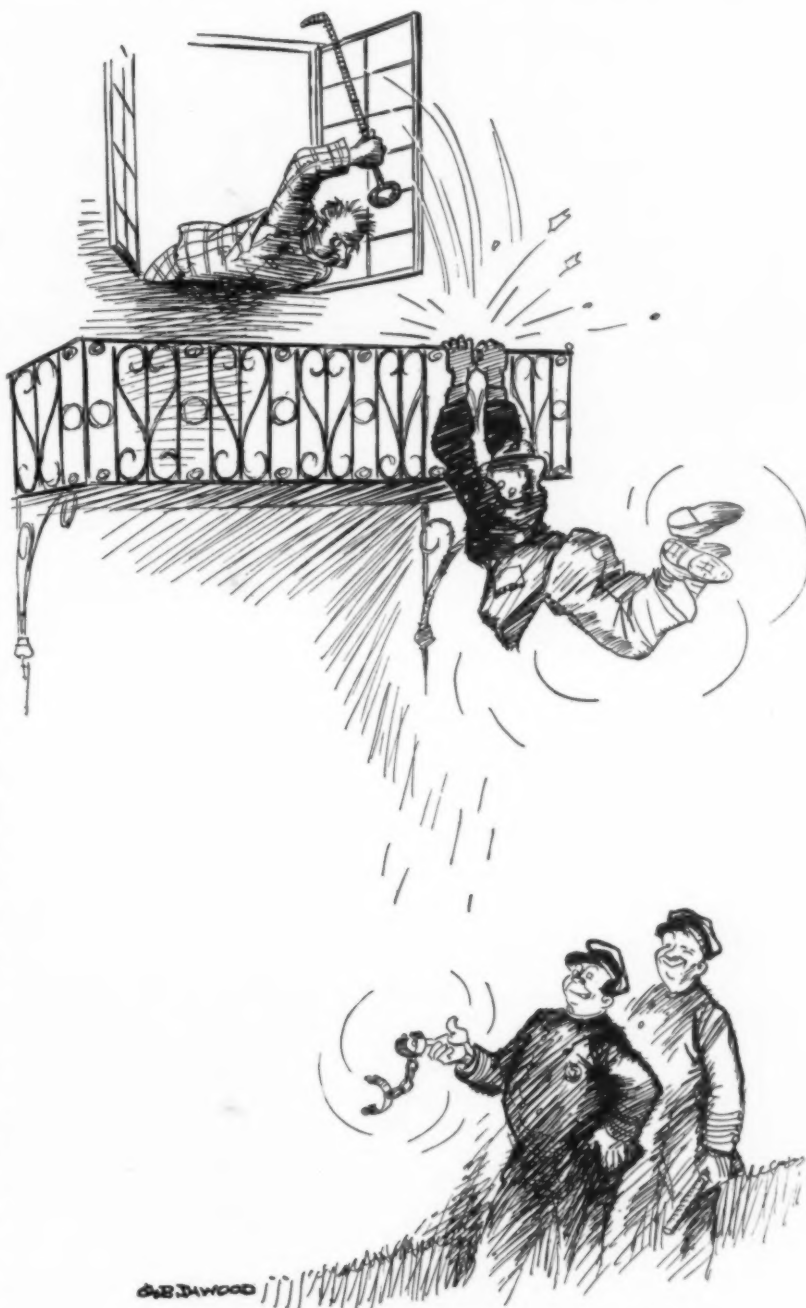
In the view of back-seat drivers, the Administration has turned the corner, if only for the reason that it could not possibly be worse. Every one of its major policies has been a flop or a boomerang, but the Naval Treaty is expected to give it something to wave at the voters this autumn. Chances of ratification improved when the Navy crew sank 100 yards from the finish in the Poughkeepsie Regatta—not the first time civilians have swamped the Admirals. The Senate got all steamed up over a mysterious plan for a League of Nations Navy that had been put out of misery twelve years ago, but Stimson convinced Borah that he had no Genevas up his sleeve and the odds now stand at 3 to 2 for ratification with reservations. Naval limitation is a beautiful thing. The British are laying down three cruisers, nine destroyers and three submarines in 1930 and the House has voted \$30,000,000 to modernize our battleships.

Militant Methodism is, by all odds, the weakest point in the Administration's in-field. Congress cut George Wickersham down to \$50,000, and told him to keep his nose on the dry grindstone. This infuriated the White House, where indiscreet threats were made to procure \$100,000 in private funds for the prosecution of a public policy, but this unconstitutional prattle was designed to get more money out of Congress and is likely to succeed. Ad-

ministration apologists are laughing off the Morrow victory as an awfully clever trick to swallow the wets without letting them go to the Party's head, but Morrow forced the Jersey Republicans to come out for repeal and the birth of an infant Lindbergh didn't exactly cripple the plot to choose a new monarch in 1932 with a well-known aviator as Prince of Wales. The Attorney-General announced that the Govern-

ment would avoid drama and publicity in enforcing the Law Nobody Loves and proved it by appointing a small-town hero to take charge of official aridity.

Six men climbed a 24,300-foot peak in the Himalayas. This is higher than any point previously scaled by man with the exception of Senators Smoot and Grundy, whose rates on wool still stand unchallenged. . . . —J. F.



PORCH CLIMBER: Hum—this is going to take some figuring.



"Mike Rassidy—there's a man for you!"

## "Tourists Accommodated"

The first day of vacation. The decision to avoid expensive hotels. The self-righteous feeling of sensible thrift. The sign: "Tourists Accommodated, \$1. Each." The careful inspection of the house. The affirmative nod from your wife whose practiced eye has beheld the external signs of a good housekeeper. The professionally wholesome lady in the doorway. Her practiced smile of welcome.

The creaking steps to the low-ceilinged second floor. The cast iron bed precariously perched on protesting rollers. The sooty oil lamp. The heavy snoring from the room across the hall. The flimsy door without a lock. Your wife's whispered fear that your fellow guests might be murderers. The futile attempt to keep the door shut by bracing a chair against it.

The hours of sleeplessness. The mysterious footsteps somewhere overhead. The roaring bootleggers' trucks racing down the State Highway. The downstairs clock striking every fifteen minutes. The mouse-like rustle of the curtains. The dawn. The rings below your eyes. The aching backs from unyielding mattresses. The incipient cold in the head from insufficient blankets. The quick payment of \$2. The hasty departure without breakfast. The mutual agreement henceforth to put up at only the most expensive hotels in the Blue Book.

## Vale

I know it is no use to ask  
That you be mine forever,  
And so I don't attempt the task,  
And I am far too clever  
To let you see I am the kind  
Who always has a ring in mind.

I use the finest subtleties  
Because I know you well.  
So wondrous are my strategies  
That you can never tell  
How I am hungering for love's feast  
Those times I seem to care the least.

So I fulfill your mute behest,  
And you can never say  
That I've not always done my best  
To play the game your way.  
It's time, I think, I said goodbye,  
And found a more responsive guy.

—Myra M. Waterman.



"Er—throw it back, Meadows, I'll not go in today!"

# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

## Comedy and Drama

- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Excellent light comedy in which sex is treated as what it is, a laughing matter.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morisco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A soiled variation on the theme of "Strictly Dishonorable", done well enough to offset the smutty angle.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—A good, old-fashioned tea-cup comedy, with Grace George and an excellent cast, on the they-always-go-back-to-their-wives theme.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Mutiny in the death house. A splendid, harrowing play.
- ★APRON STRINGS. *Forty-eighth Street*. \$3.00—Slight comedy about a boy who lets his mother write his roadbook to romance.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—The Pulitzer Prize play; a reverent, humorous interpretation of the old-time darkies' conception of the Bible.
- STEPPING SISTERS. *Royale*—Excuse it, please.
- ★LOST SHEEP. *Selwyn*. \$3.00—A clergyman's family move into an ex-brothel, and something better should have been done about it.
- ★LYSISTRATA. *Forty-fourth Street*. \$5.50—Magnificent presentation of Aristophanes' bawdy plan for disarmament.

## Musical

- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue as a dough-boy, with swell dancing, indifferent wisecracks, and two song hits.
- FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—One of the season's favorites, with Bert Lahr making them laugh out loud.
- ★50 MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Americans on the loose in Paris to Cole Porter's sprightly tunes.
- ★THREE LITTLE GIRLS. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Extravaganza with German music and a revolving stage.
- ★THE GARRICK GAITIES. *Guild*. \$3.00—A charming, humorous revue which you mustn't miss.
- ★ARTISTS AND MODELS. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Big summer show in the nude and lewd.
- ★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—The eighth edition moves right into Mr. Ziegfeld's own theatre.

## Movies

- CAUGHT SHORT, DANGEROUS NAN MCGREW and THE BIG FIGHT—In this issue.
- WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—After you see this film you will have an even greater admiration for Byrd and his men. Floyd Gibbons describes the flight over the pole.
- THE BAD ONE—Dolores del Rio will be an attractive star if they'll give her a good one.
- THE BIG HOUSE—The best prison picture, due to George Hill's direction and Wallace Beery's performance.
- THE SILENT ENEMY—Story of the Indian's fight against the elements in the Canadian Northwest. By all means, see it.
- IN GAY MADRID—Ramon Novarro's singing makes it worth while.

- ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—One romantic mess.
- SHADOW OF THE LAW—William Powell in a crook picture that is good because William Powell is in it.
- BORN RECKLESS—And shouldn't have been born at all. Edmund Lowe hasn't a chance.
- SAFETY IN NUMBERS—"Buddy" Rogers comes through with a good one. Flowers for Kathryn Crawford and Carol Lombard.
- SO THIS IS LONDON—Will Rogers wisecracking the English johnnies. Good but not as funny as "They Had To See Paris."
- THE FLORADORA GIRL—Marion Davies gets some laughs with bustles, plackets and leg-o-mutton sleeves.
- TRUE TO THE NAVY—Another Clara Bow deep sea vehicle which will be enjoyed by a lot of people who will tell you what a terrible actress she is.

## Records

### Victor

- "SINGING A SONG TO THE STARS"—(*Way Out West*)—Leo Reisman and His Orchestra but just a little off their usual good form.
- "RAGAMUFFIN ROMEO"—(*King Of Jazz*)—Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. Fair—and warmer when the guitar and clarinet do a pleasing bit.
- "THERE'S HAPPINESS OVER THE HILL"—(*Swing High*)—George Olsen and His Music. Excellent. Swinging rhythm and very melodious.
- "SHOO THE HOODOO AWAY"—(*Swing High*)—The same orchestra gets some mighty good effects—especially in a verse that is full of minors.
- "CHEER UP, GOOD TIMES ARE COMIN'"—and "THERE'S A WAH WAH GAL IN AQUA CALIENTE"—Two numbers that you will enjoy not only for Jim Miller and Charlie Farrell, but for the way the saxophone, guitars and piano are always easing in on the duet.

### Columbia

- "I STILL REMEMBER"—and
- "IF I HAD A GIRL LIKE YOU"—If you are not tired of these numbers, listen to Oscar Grogan sing them. He does it very well.

### Brunswick

- "THE WHIP"—(*Golden Dawn*)—Noah Beery with Vitaphone Orchestra. The voice isn't bad at all—but the basso profundo doesn't seem to know how to use it. Just a little dull.
- "ONE LITTLE DRINK"—(*Song Of The Flame*)—Ditto.

## Sheet Music

- "Shake It Or Break It" (*A revival of one of the world's hottest tunes*)
- "Dancing With Tears In My Eyes" (*Everybody's doing it*)
- "Give Yourself A Pat On The Back" (*You'll like it*)
- "What's The Use" (*A tune you can pick up in a hurry—and one that will stay with you*)

(Continued on Page 30)



MOTHER: Don't you wish you could paint like that, Peter?  
PETER: But I CAN, mother. You know I can.

—Punch (by permission).



HE (making an effort): I feel we are getting old and staid, Emily, so I am going to brighten things up by throwing bread pellets at you at each meal.

—London Opinion.

The secretary of the navy has decided to name the newest cruiser New Orleans instead of Brooklyn. The secretary had evidently been looking at the National league standings and had concluded that Brooklyn had been lucky enough for one year.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"Why does a red-headed woman always marry a meek man?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

—Capper's Weekly.

The argumentative town councillor was on his feet, bent on pulverizing his opponents.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "Councilor Jones says this is a case of six of one and a half-a-dozen of the other. But I say no—most emphatically no! It is exactly the contrary."

—Tit-Bits.

### The Social Whirl

(From the Marshall, N. C., News-Record Social Columns.)

Miss Edith Clark and little brother called at the home of Mrs. T. T. King Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Boyd of Cauton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. King over the week end.

Mrs. Mont M. Hannah was visiting Mrs. T. T. King Sunday.

Little Roy Hannah called at the home of Mr. T. T. King Tuesday.

Messrs. Paul and Burnett Baldwin were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. King Sunday.

—New York Sun.

TOMMY: Pa, why was Adam created first?

FATHER: To give him a chance to say something.

—Answers.

By a coincidence, Byrd was paraded through New York's financial district the day the market reached the South Pole.

—Detroit News.

"A capable typist makes a note of everything in her mind," declares a business magnate. And then often loses her head.

—Passing Show.

A vacation is about half anticipation and the other half changing tires.

—Ohio State Journal.

We read of a boxer who is learning the Welsh language. It is hoped he only intends to use it in self defence.

—Everybody's Weekly.

### The Gracious Press

The Brooklyn Eagle and other American newspapers, succumbing to the courtesy urge, have abandoned the "Continued on Page 2" line for the more gracious "Please Turn to Page 2." Something should be done to counteract this tendency before it is too late. First thing you know the reader will be floored by these requests:

"Story Resumed Tomorrow, If You Don't Mind."

"Other Pictures on Page 11, With Your Kind Permission."

"See Page 14 for Weather Forecast, Asking Your Pardon."

—New York Evening Sun.



"That's great! We'll censor it."

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.



SISTER: Ken, I don't see how you can expect your prayers to be answered—saying them in nothing but a vest.

—Punch (By permission).

# The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, May 2, 1912.

The hand that rules the world.

# LIFE'S Camps

## The Biggest Jail Break in Years

SHALL WE LET THESE KIDS ESCAPE?

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

Somewhere nearby you, while you're reading this page, there's a crowd of kids in prison. They have been shut up unjustly. They have done no wrong. It's an outrage. Towering, stifling walls shut them in. Iron bars confront them. And yet these kids are innocent of any wrongdoing . . . unless the accident of being born in a tenement can be considered a crime.

Wouldn't you get a kick out of helping some of these kids to escape? Wouldn't it be a heart-warming thing to snatch one of them from the toils of the fire-escapes, the binding of hot brick walls, the roar of the El . . . and set him free under the blue sky, in a pleasant, sun-drenched field? Wouldn't it?

LIFE gives you your chance to be a jail-breaker, and a philanthropist, too. For LIFE is staging one of the biggest jail-breaks in years. But it can't do it alone. It needs *your* help.

And how can you help? All you need is the ability to sign your name to a check, and the inclination to regard \$25 as just so much small change when balanced against sixteen days of fresh air, good food, and wholesome play for some little prisoner. And that's what \$25 will do for some lucky kid in one of LIFE's Fresh Air Camps.

Probably you've read some of these appeals to contribute to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. And you've hesitated . . .

But after all, what's \$25 to you? Just a good dinner and a show. And yet to some poor, sun-starved kid it means ESCAPE! Escape from the heat and the sweat and the stink of the dirty city—escape to fresh air, and trees, and green grass, and a chance to splash around in water that doesn't come out of a fireplug.

Sign your name now, while you're thinking about it, to a check that takes only \$25 out of your bank balance—and will add immeasurably to your heart balance.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for

*such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?*

*Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.*

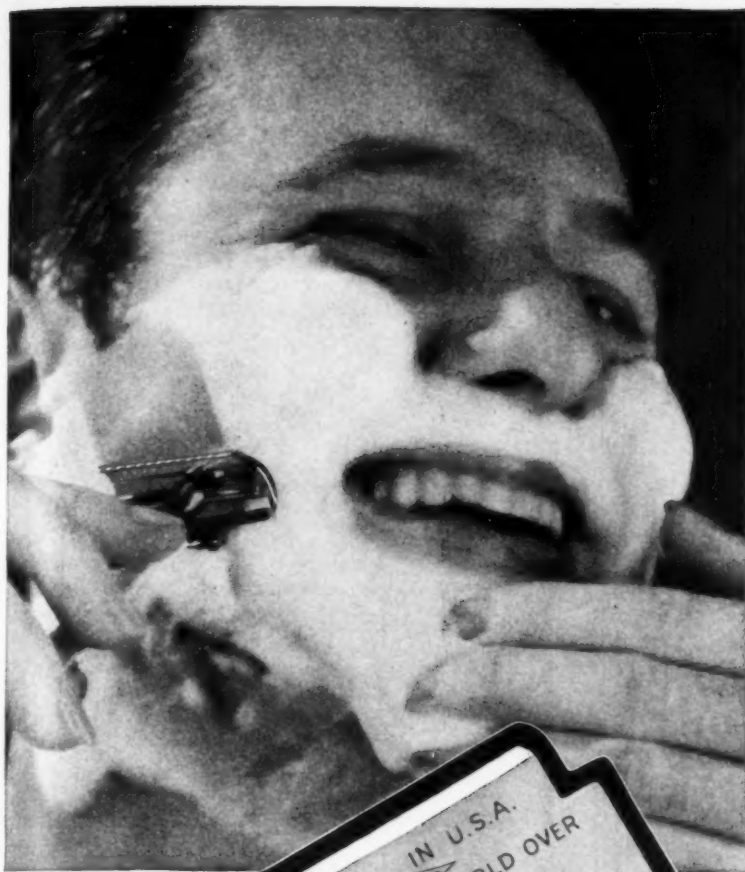
*LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N. J.*

Previously acknowledged . . . . .	\$4,755.49
Mrs. W. H. DeCamp, East Orange . . .	5.00
Mrs. John A. Mitchell, New York . . .	10.00
Mrs. F. H. Shevit, New York . . . . .	5.00
Mrs. Robert G. Cook, Canandaigua . .	10.00
H. D. Gordon, Hazardville, Conn. . . .	5.00
H. R. Seymour, Auburn, N. Y. . . . .	1.00
Mrs. B. R. Green, Washington, D. C. . .	5.00
Oren Root, New York . . . . .	20.00
A. B., Elizabeth, N. J. . . . .	5.00
Mrs. Isaac W. Jeanes, Philadelphia . . .	25.00
Mr. & Mrs. Irving Brown, Melrose Hlds., Mass. . . . .	5.00
Mrs. Lewis E. Fursman, Poughkeepsie . . . . .	5.00
Friend, Lowell, Mass. . . . .	3.00
Louis E. Shriver, Union Mills, Md. . . .	10.00
E. R. de Valin, Cape Vincent, N. Y. . . .	10.00
In Memory of B. R. F. & H. R. F. . . .	10.00
Mrs. A. J. Baxter, New York . . . . .	2.00
In memory of Henry Clifton . . . . .	10.00
Anonymous, Brooklyn . . . . .	25.00
"In Memory of Kitty Hershey" . . . . .	200.00
Mr. & Mrs. Howard B. Hartswick, Clearfield, Pa. . . . .	10.00
Archibald McKinley, Wayne, Pa. . . . .	5.00
Mrs. R. S. Carter, Hewlett, L. I. . . . .	10.00
Pitser Miller, New York . . . . .	5.00
Mrs. C. P. Cook, Merion, Pa. . . . .	12.50
C. D. G. II, and H T G . . . . .	100.00
Arthur H. Harlow, New York . . . . .	20.00
Mrs. G. D. Spackman, Coatesville, Pa. . . . .	5.00
F. M. Lawrence, New York . . . . .	20.00
E. T. . . . .	10.00
Mrs. Howard T. Mosher, Rochester . . .	10.00
Mrs. W. Ladd, Philadelphia . . . . .	5.00
G. W. Anthony, N. Y. . . . .	25.00
From a Friend, Boston . . . . .	5.00
Barnes Press, Inc., New York . . . . .	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Thacher, Edgewater Park, N. J. . . . .	10.00
Wm. M. Crowe, Philadelphia . . . . .	20.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro, N. C. . .	10.00
Carleton Macy, Hewletts, L. I. . . . .	25.00
Louis M. Kommel, New York . . . . .	5.00
Eliza Davids, S. W. Harbor, Me. . . . .	10.00
From "Wayne" . . . . .	50.00
In Memory of C. C. T. . . . .	5.00
Mrs. Harriet Lyman Stevens, Newport . . . . .	15.00
Miss Susan D. Griffith, New York . . . .	25.00
Oscar Hinrichs, New York . . . . .	10.00
Hall Adams, New Rochelle . . . . .	100.00
Mrs. A. F. Buhler, Garden City . . . . .	25.00
Gertrude Hewes, Moore, Pa. . . . .	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur W. Dunning, Wilton, N. H. . . . .	20.00
Mrs. John Spring, W. Gloucester, Mass. . . . .	25.00
A. Spencer, Jr., Hartford, Conn. . . . .	10.00
F. S., Philadelphia . . . . .	50.00
E. H. H. . . . .	1,000.00
Mrs. J. H. Jolliffe, Ware, Mass. . . . .	25.00
Miss F. K. . . . .	10.00
Watson H. Caldwell, Brooklyn . . . . .	50.00
Specht . . . . .	5.00
W. J. B., New York . . . . .	25.00
K. P. A., New Haven . . . . .	7.00
Anonymous, Baltimore . . . . .	1.00
Wendell Mullen, Brooklyn . . . . .	1.00
A. D. Woodruff, New York . . . . .	1.00
Jos. P. Carmody Lambertville, N. J. . . .	5.00
"One who is interested" . . . . .	1.00
Alfred George King, Woodhaven, N. Y. . . . .	1.00
Anonymous, Boston . . . . .	1.00
Mrs. Ledyard Mitchell, Grosse Pt. Farms, Mich. . . . .	10.00
Clifton T. Barker, Kansas City, Mo. . . .	10.00
Raymond Rubicam, New York . . . . .	25.00
Mrs. Edward E. Swift, Easton, Pa. . . .	10.00
Edward A. Stroud, Philadelphia . . . . .	5.00
Mrs. Frederick T. Hepburn, Locust Valley, L. I. . . . .	25.00
Geo. H. Nutt, George School, Pa. . . . .	10.00
Mrs. Morris Hawkes, Bar Harbor, Me . .	50.00
Lawrence B. Elliman, New York . . . .	25.00
Mrs. Walter Powers, Springfield, Mass. . . . .	10.00
Frank M. Avery, Sparta, N. J. . . . .	25.00
Miss Elsie L. Baker, White Haven, Pa. . . . .	25.00

(Continued on Page 29)



One of the Out-post Camps



\$1.00 for ten; 50c for five.  
The New Gillette Blade  
in the new green packet.

Insist on  
**GENUINE**



# More shaves Better shaves

WHEN we introduced the New Gillette Blade, we were confident that it had the keenest SHAVING edge ever produced.


Public response has proved it. If you haven't yet experienced the thrill of a shave with this new blade, even in your old Gillette, stop at your dealer's today.

No other blade offers you its VALUABLE SHAVING IMPROVEMENTS.




GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
BOSTON, U. S. A.

# New Gillette Blades



WHEN DAY IS DONE—




Two Twenty Two in the sun . . . But he's happy! Pickwick on the ice at home! . . . . .

## PICKWICK PALE and STOUT

THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants  
Bottled only at the brewery of  
**HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.**



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for  
Yourself and  
Your Good Family

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# LIFE

every week and enjoy its fun. A Good Laugh is sure medicine for many an ill!

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Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

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*LIFE*, 60 E. 42nd Street, New York "LC"

## Life in Society



### Debutante Cleans Up

*Miss Margaret Elizabeth Le Boutonniere, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald St. Godfrey Le Boutonniere, washing dishes in the domestic science booth at the Sousehampton Street Fair; Society's annual excuse for dressing up in pretty clothes for the Sunday supplements to aid crippled children.*

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dermott announced as a surprise for Mr. Leo Robertson the engagement of their daughter, Miss Alice Van Dermott, to him.

Lord Erbury of London and his daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor are at the Plaza and will sail on Saturday for home if anybody else calls him Mr. Elbury.

Mrs. G. Beekman Toppin of Syosset gave a luncheon yesterday in honor of the judges before the North Country Garden Club Flower Show at Piping Rock.

Mrs. G. Beekman Toppin's thoroughbred gladiolus, Ned O, won the North Country Garden Club Flower Show Sweepstakes yesterday (after lunch) by a good two and a half blossoms.

The new stables on the grounds of the Southampton Riding and Hunt Club were opened today. Mrs. Lucius Hamilton Styng served oats to 200 guests in one of the stalls.

Mrs. Fullerton Cuning, of Palm Beach, Southampton and Europe, is in the New York Hospital recovering from a misprint in the society section of the Herald-Tribune.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 16.—Mr. J. Pierpont Morethan arrived with 541 first class guests today on his new yacht Horsehair.

Mrs. Hugh G. Awfulclose, of Grastain, gave her first dinner tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Benny were also caterers. It looks like a closely contested relay race this summer at Newport.

—Jack Cluett.

(Continued from Page 26)

In Memory of C. M. B. ....	5.00
Anonymous, New York .....	25.00
Alice Pomeroy Smith, Elmira, N. Y. ....	10.00
George Hilton, Oshkosh, Wis. ....	25.00
B. T. Merchant, Kensington, Md. ....	5.00
M. S., New York .....	25.00
Mrs. Howard L. Shaw, Bay City, Mich. ....	20.00
In Memory of Barbara W. Adams. ....	25.00
Rev. Robert Johnston, Washington, D. C. ....	5.00
Mrs. F. C. Demmler, Pittsburgh ....	10.00
Miss Louise B. Scott, New York ....	25.00
Mrs. George De Garmo, Jr., Miami Beach .....	25.00
Frances H. Sidwell, Washington, D. C. ....	20.00
S. M. Jacobus, Pomona, Cal. ....	5.00
George A. Smith, Arlington, Mass. ....	25.00
Fanny F. Stearns, Norfolk, Conn. ....	5.00
Mrs. John A. Mathews, Scarsdale, N. Y. ....	25.00
Mrs. Henry Alvah Strong, Washington, D. C. ....	50.00
Elwyn Evans, Jr., Wilmington, Del. ....	25.00
Newton Annis, Detroit .....	10.00
"In Memory of K. F. F." .....	20.00
Mrs. W. C. Crane, Washington, D. C. ....	25.00
Mrs. E. H. Herskovitz, New York. ....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Libby, Temiskaming, P. Q. ....	25.00
Anna D. Hubbell, Rochester. ....	10.00
Kenneth L. Taylor, Nantucket, Mass. ....	25.00
C. A. G., Atlantic City. ....	10.00
Kate McComb, New York. ....	5.00
"In my Mother's Name," Boston. ....	20.00
Mrs. C. A. Hambly, Newport. ....	10.00
To the dear memory of M. R. G. & M. C. G. ....	25.00
F. C. Sargent, Winchester, Mass. ....	10.00
Mrs. L. W. Coste, St. Louis. ....	1.00
In Memory of Elizabeth F. Strother .....	10.00
Flora E. Wightman, Brookline, Mass. ....	25.00
G. D. Emerson, New Port Richey, Fla. ....	10.00
Mrs. A. W. Esleeck, Greenfield, Mass. ....	20.00
J. Graham Parsons, New York. ....	10.00
D. Rider, Schenectady. ....	2.00
E. B. Loveland, New York. ....	5.00
Mrs. Hermon Griffin, Cobourg, Ont. ....	15.00
H. L. Harding, Boston .....	5.00
Miss Elma Shibley, Wooster, O. ....	20.00
"From a Friend," New York. ....	500.00
William N. Davey, New York. ....	50.00
Elizabeth C. Wood, Sea Girt, N. J. ....	5.00
Evelyn T. Beach, Jamestown, N. Y. ....	1.00
P. E. H., Springfield, Ill. ....	40.00
Miss Ella H. Joy, Detroit. ....	25.00
J. B. Morris, Jr., Saugatuck, Conn. ....	10.00
H. L. Bockstahler, New York. ....	5.00
Mrs. Isabella Brandow, New York. ....	10.00
Mrs. Hoyt E. Hayes, Cleveland. ....	25.00
Ruth Gilbert, Albany, N. Y. ....	10.00
Leonora A. Davison, East Orange. ....	10.00
E. B. S., Rochester .....	5.00
Bertha MacBride, Passaic, N. J. ....	25.00
C. W. Bickford, Osceola Mills, Pa. ....	10.00
Mrs. William R. Scott, Pittsburgh. ....	3.00
Mrs. C. Byron Cottrell, Westerly, R. I. ....	10.00
Mrs. A. B. Tenney, Lexington, Mass. ....	3.00
Mrs. Charles W. Abbott, Buffalo. ....	25.00
Margaret E. DeWitt, Springfield, O. ....	3.00
Frederick W. Morris, Jr., Los Angeles .....	1.00
Margaret E. Woddrop, Arcola, N. J. ....	10.00
Sarah T. Nicholls, Reading, Pa. ....	25.00
J. H. Jennings, St. Louis. ....	5.00
Miss S. King, New York. ....	5.00
Mrs. W. Warner Harper, Chestnut Hill, Pa. ....	15.00
Mrs. T. R. Palmer, Erie, Pa. ....	25.00
Thomas P. Tammen, New York. ....	5.00
Edna A. Wood, Brooklyn .....	25.00

(Continued on Page 31)

# KEEPS TEETH *White*



WHITE teeth bring a thrilling brightness into your smile — a charm that quickly wins its way into the hearts of others.

Never neglect your teeth. Chew delicious Dentyne every day — the quality gum especially made to keep teeth gleaming white.

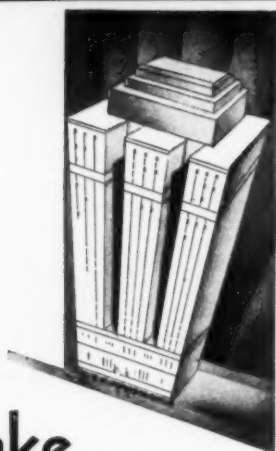


## Chew DENTYNE ...and smile!



"Zis disarmament conference . . . poof! If zey cut down my six inch guns, my eight inch guns and my ten inch guns,—O.K. So long as zey leave me my Flit Guns, zis navy has nothing to fear!"

—Advt.



## Make YOUR TRIP COMPLETE— Stop at the ROOSEVELT

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The Roosevelt is in the center of the Grand Central Zone, with the Chrysler Building, world's tallest, and the other new skyscrapers nearby. A private underground arcade leads direct from the hotel lobby to the Grand Central Station and the network of subways that takes you to any part of greater New York.

The Roosevelt can in many ways render special services that will add to your comfort and pleasure.



\*Before you visit New York, write The Roosevelt for this free amusement guide. Gotham Life, published each week, gives the latest facts about all current attractions. Tell us when you plan to visit New York and we will send you with our compliments the copy issued nearest that date.

Name .....  
Address .....

## The ROOSEVELT

Edward Clinton Fogg - Managing Director  
Madison Avenue and 45th St., New York City



## Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 23)

### Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)  
★—(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.  
ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock)—\$1.00—Myer Davis Orchestra.  
BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.  
MCALPIN ROOF, Broadway at 34th Street. C\$1.00 week-days; \$1.50 Saturdays. Eddie Lane's Orchestra.  
NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Barney Rapp's orchestra.  
PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra—dances by Easter and Hazelton.  
PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; Saturdays, \$2.00. Phil Spitalny orchestra.  
RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.  
ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Leo Furst orchestra.  
★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.  
BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn. Jack Albin's orchestra. Cover, \$1.00(after 9) week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No.44

O	H		D	A	T	E		F	A	T
F	U	T	I	L	I	T		L	H	
	G	E	M		E	N	A	B	L	E
		A	P	E		A	C	E		
P	A	R	L	E			H	E	N	
I	T		E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C
P	E	T		S	A	G	S		P	O

Oh, the futility of it all!

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

M. H. McGee,  
1124 East 35th St.,  
Tulsa, Okla.

Explanation: If the modern playwright hunted as he writes.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Mrs. S. W. Smith,  
1706 So. University Ave.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Explanation: Another case of passive resistance in India.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Wm. L. Boyd,  
Fitzsimmons Hospital,  
Denver, Colo.

Explanation: Oh shuz, I wanted a leopard skin.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Raoul Blumberg,  
357 Sterling Place,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Explanation: Tossing away the chance of a lifetime.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters Baltimore, Maryland

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

\*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

\*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

...

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

...

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

...

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

...

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

...

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

### LIFE's TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York City

### Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

(Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

July 18, 1930

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## Answers to Anagrams

on page 20

1. Drivel.
2. Embraces.
3. Premiums.
4. Mermaid.
5. Registrar.

(Continued from Page 29)

Mrs. A. Swart-Earle, Colorado Springs	30.00
Anna Bogert, New York	5.00
Harry Werner Co., New York	1.00
Mrs. J. N. DeV., Hollis	1.00
R. E. Purcell, Alliance, O.	25.00
Miss Laura Lee Elston, Santa Barbara	10.00
Allen H. Ratteree, Los Angeles	25.00
E. K. B., Lower Lake	10.00
Repair Bureau, N. Y. Telephone Co., New York	5.50
Mrs. Randolph E. Chandler, New York	10.00
R. L. Blaffer, Houston, Tex.	20.00
Robert V. Cram, Minneapolis	5.00
In Memory of Patricia Conti	20.00
W. H. Pruden, Paterson	5.00
Anonymous, Concord, N. H.	10.00
Miss A. F. Johnston, Washington, D. C.	20.00
Colin Gardner, Middletown, O.	10.00
Anonymous, Dalton, Mass.	50.00
H. P. Green, St. Louis	25.00
James D. Pell, New York	10.00
Miss Alida L. Conover, Bayonne	5.00
Mrs. Theodore Boettger, Hackensack	10.00
Sophie E. Macdonald, Yonkers	5.00
Pauline Bryan, Kansas City, Mo.	1.00
Mrs. Albert R. Warner, Cleveland	10.00
Edward K. Dunham, Jr., Seal Harbor, Me.	15.00
Mrs. Wm. J. Knapp, Rye, N. Y.	25.00
Cecilia E. Taylor, Williamsville, N.Y.	100.00
Erdman Harris, New York	10.00
Henry Dourif, Huntington, W. Va.	5.00
Arthur W. Kettle, Jamestown, N. Y.	10.00
Nellie N. Warren, Emporia, Kan.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore D. Starr, Philadelphia	5.00

## LE MOMENT SUSPECT

[THE SUSPICIOUS MOMENT]

When you have lost your clé de nuit (night key) and are discovered trying to break into your own house . . . retain your équilibre (poise) be nonchalant . . .

## LIGHT A MURAD



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Anonymous, M. P.	25.00
Mrs. A. F. Williams, Nanuet, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. Edward B. Burling, Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. M. L. Robinson, Norfolk, Va.	10.00
Robert Bridges, New York	25.00
John H. Parrott, Roanoke, Va.	10.00
L. C. Hanna, Jr., Cleveland, O.	25.00
Dr. Earle C. Rice, Philadelphia	5.00
Miss Helen R. Smith, Sewickley, Pa.	20.00
C. B. Clark, Neenah, Wis.	10.00
Mrs. B. H. Hayes, Andover, Mass.	25.00
Augusta B. Evans, Colorado Springs	50.00
G. McN. Gates, New York	5.00
Hallie B. Wilcox, Saginaw, Mich.	3.00
M. T. N., Portland, Oreg.	25.00
Mrs. Emma A. Nesler, Cape Porpoise, Me.	10.00
A. Johnson, Washington, D. C.	1.00
Anonymous, J. C. P.	10.00
Simmons Brown, La Tuque, Quebec	20.10
H. C. Yearick, Pittsburgh	10.00
Elinor L. Hughes, Cambridge, Mass.	25.00
Mrs. A. U. Faulkner, Fort Bragg, N. C.	5.00

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### Continental Cuisine

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What a difference this second action makes in shaving comfort. The freshness and sparkle of a *double-action* shave last. You have a velvet feel *while* you shave and *after* you shave.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream and lather up for a *double-action* shave tomorrow.



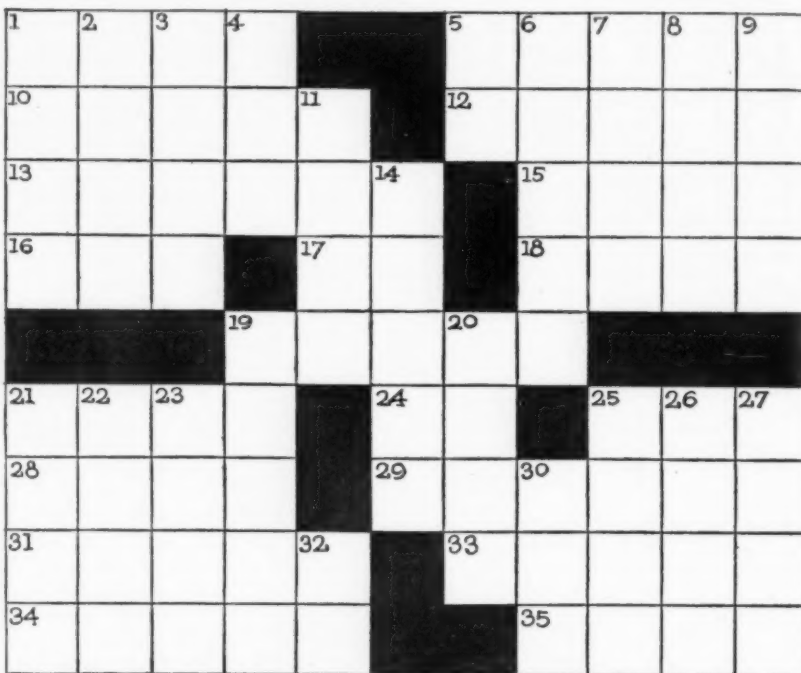
## SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 49

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes August 1.



### ACROSS

1. This can make you see stars.
5. He's a Prince.
10. Enough to make anyone cry.
12. Bad treatment.
13. Signs of curiosity.
15. Sign something is going to happen.
16. A stupid drinker.
17. Never end a sentence with this word.
18. Poisonous trees of Java.
19. French seaport.
21. Eli.
24. —and his brown derby.
25. What a smart girl uses when she makes up.
28. Spoken.
29. First year man at Annapolis.
31. What few women can do to their hair.
33. Free for all.
34. Tied.
35. Our daily bread.

### DOWN

1. The head man.
2. Within.
3. An order that must be obeyed.
4. To be on the side of.
5. Sun god.
6. On every side.
7. Cross by a spring.
8. Gone to sea.
9. Layers.
11. This is not far away.
14. Hot air.
19. What many prohibitionists' words do to their words.
20. What sister likes to keep.
21. Pronoun.
22. Famous New Yorker artist.
23. A gent who drives reindeer.
25. Mythical Scandinavian king.
26. The seaman's enemy.
27. This is aged in the wood.
30. Scotch ego.
32. Northwestern state. (Abbr.)

# POWER

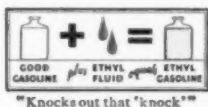
THERE'S a touch of the eagle's wings to the car using Ethyl.

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# New, Delicious Cereal

... with a

## "Vegetable Effect"

*An entirely new creation by HEINZ of "57" fame wins everyone through flavor alone.*



*Children can't resist this flavor so they don't resist these benefits.*

Here is crunchy, oven-toasted crispness in the daintiest rice flakes you've ever tasted, plus a *new healthfulness* that rice flakes have never offered heretofore.

Vegetables and fruits would form the same healthful habits. But you know how difficult it is to get these essential foods consumed in right amounts.

Serve these luscious *rice flakes* with delicious cream and sugar to *supplement all other foods*. See how whole days are made happier and brighter for everyone concerned.

### AN EXCLUSIVE PROCESS

Through a patented process, owned by HEINZ, a fine *vegetable-cellulose* is retained in HEINZ Rice Flakes. It is a natural food substance, part of rice itself. It

isn't bran. It isn't harsh. Being soft, fluffy and *non-irritant* it forms a mild, gentle, bulk and roughage—exactly the same type, in fact, that *vegetables themselves* provide—yet no one can detect its presence in these luscious flakes.

### LET FLAVOR DECIDE

Don't urge the eating of HEINZ Rice Flakes because they are good for everyone . . . simply let your folks see how good they *taste*. That's the best method.

In a series of tests by unprejudiced authorities the health-habits of children and adults were greatly improved in this attractive way. (Details on request).

Serve *twice daily* for one week to start the benefits; once daily thereafter to maintain them.

HEINZ Rice Flakes provide all the energizing food value

that any other rice food offers, *plus* HEINZ Vegetable-Cellulose which no other brands contain. To get the latter feature, therefore you must order definitely by the name, HEINZ. Mail coupon below for free booklet "Children's Futures Told In Foods."

### ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN

He will know the importance of the effects of HEINZ Vegetable-Cellulose in the absorption of moisture and the resulting bulk.

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Makers of the "57 Varieties"

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# HEINZ RICE FLAKES

July  
25,  
1930